Lemme tell ye a tale,

of an old town folk

who saved the world

before ye even tried.

They call Him

Yehoshua

but out here in the west

we call Him

The Lone Ranger.

Hero of the South

wild slinger of the ancient Spirit,

He rose from that northern town — Nazareth,

where the hills hum hymns

and the wind carries stillness in its whistle.

He rode down to the hungry city,

Jerusalem —

a town full o’ dogs and polished liars,

fat off silver,

and drunk on pride.

And boy,

He cracked the whip clean through their mirage.

Swept the dust off the pigs’ meals

and left ‘em nothin’

but air to breathe.

ya wanna know what he did

ya know what he said to em?

he told em

“You turn my temple

my house of prayer

into a den

of thieves”

ohh boy

you shoulda seen him when he came up in there

he had himself a good ol’ whip of fire

and sent them out amongst themselves

In the old Texas town o’ Babylon,

He took down the devil’s dirty pirates,

The flying dutchman ain’t nothing compared to him

Yehoshua

The Lone Ranger

he ran ‘em right out the saloons of the serpent.

Faced John D. Rockefeller hisself —

that slick soul-seller in a gold-tipped hat.

The Lone Ranger ain’t signed no treaty.

He rode for the real ones

he gave names back to the nameless,

he gave songs back to the voiceless,

and fire back to hearts gone stone cold.

He weren’t no banker,

ain’t no coward either,

hidin’ behind marble walls.

He was ready to DIE

for the truth

ready to DIE

for the sake of us

He rode for the broken mothers

for the wanderers

with dirt on their hands

and heaven

glowed in his eyes.

Yehoshua

The lone ranger

He spoke like thunder down a canyon,

walked like a storm on two feet.

and brought light to radiator springs

And when they came to string Him up,

He didn’t flinch.

He let ‘em take him

like a man

They nailed Him to the wooden tree

hands spread wide

like any outlaw o’ the South.

Those bankers didn’t know what they done.

They killed the only righteous man

couldn’t charged Him with nothin’.

The Lone Ranger died for us all,

for the small town souls,

for the dust and the dreamers.

But that ain’t it

three days later—

He came walkin’ out that grave,

death hangin’

limp behind,

glory shinin’

through the holes in His hands.

I saw Him, I swear

wind in His hair,

dust on His boots,

peace sittin’ on His shoulders like a dove.

and a there came

a new clean horse

the messenger of the wind

I saw him ride up right through the valley of the night,

and the moonlight shun on his side

Yehoshua

The ghost rider of the light.

he vanished into the sky,

leavin’ hope hangin’ in the air

with trail blazed of Blue fire

yelling like smoke from a holy fire.

He turned once,

looked back at me, and said,

“Don’t worry,

I’ll be back.”

My eyes ain’t been the same since.

And I know He’s comin’ soon —

but not on a donkey this time.

Nah…

He’s comin’ on a wild white stallion,

the same one I saw with me own eyes,

this time with heaven thunderin’ behind,

and Babylon burnin’ in the rearview.

So gather ‘round the table folks,

here’s to The Lone Ranger,

The King of the Range,

our Wild Savior in leather and light.

We’ll keep the lantern lit O lord

we’ll keep the faith in the wind,

and when the sky splits

like a curtain at showtime—

we’ll tip our hats,

raise our fists,

and ride beside Him once again.

VICTORY

to the Lone Ranger